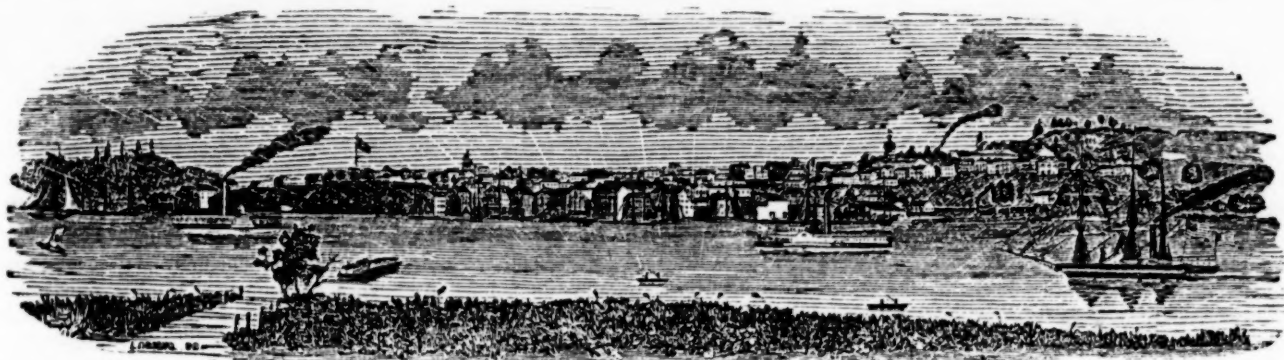


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QUEEN VICTORIA.



of George the Fourth, and heir presumptive of the British throne, was, a few years ago the idol of the nation, the admiration and pride of high and low, rich and poor, and when Providence was pleased to remove her by an early death, there was scarcely a cottage in England that did not become a house of mourning.

Queen Victoria, who is a cousin of the Princess Charlotte, seems to have imbibed the spirit and disposition of that illustrious lady, as well as to have succeeded to her place in the affections of the nation. Both of them were born to the highest temporal heirship on earth, the sovereignty of the British Empire, stretching from sea to sea, and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; both were trained amid all the luxury and pomp of a worldly court, and exposed to all the blinding and infatuating influences that can assail the heart, and yet both seem to have remembered that they were but part and parcel of humanity and to have cultivated the kindly feelings towards their fellow beings without regard to rank in society.

We discern occasional glimpses of a thoughtfulness, a sincerity, an earnestness in the path of duty, which speaks loudly in her favor. The desire to be and to do right, as she understands it, manifests itself often as it would not in a mere worldling. She appears unwilling to shun her responsibilities as a woman, a wife, a mother or a sovereign. If report speaks truly, her late visit to Scotland disclosed many beautiful traits of character. Excellent common sense, a kind and amiable interest in others, a forgetfulness of self, are particularly manifest. She is evidently a reflecting woman, and for one of her years the faculties of her mind seem remarkably well balanced. It is surprising that in a country where the press is free even to licentiousness, and ever ready to catch up every thing like scandal, we never hear of the Queen saying or doing a foolish thing. This indicates a very exemplary circumspection of manners. Her character, as it strikes us, may be summed up in a few words. She is a woman of good sense, of good native principle, and of benevolent disposition. She is by no means a brilliant woman: she has none of the masculine genius of Queen Elizabeth, and it is probably for the interest of her kingdom that she has not. If she has little

In examining history for the lives and characters of the long line of English Monarchs, what do we behold? Among them all, with two or three exceptions, can we except one exemplary religious, one decidedly benevolent character even, whose yearning sympathies regardless of all difficulty, like Howard's, went forth under irrepressible impulses of compassion and love to relieve and bless afflicted humanity? Where for a thousand years is a Howard among her kings, or an Elizabeth Fry among her queens? England for centuries has been producing multitudes of minds of the first order of human excellence, intellectual and moral, but it is

striking to observe how uniformly these minds have been drawn from the lower and often lowest classes of society, from the bench of the shoemaker, the loom of the weaver, and other yet humbler occupations of life.

The young Queen now on the throne of England, must certainly be regarded as one of the very best specimens of royalty, if we can form any correct estimate of her character through the mass of adulation and incense offered her by the English press and people.—Seldom has it fallen to the lot of sovereign, male or female, to be so universally and warmly beloved. The Princess Charlotte, daughter

of the genius, she possesses also but little of the miserable vanity of Elizabeth, and is every way a far more interesting character.

It is chiefly as an example of domestic virtue in the most elevated earthly circumstances, that Victoria becomes an object of interest.—Such examples have been “few and far between,” a fact to be sure not to be wondered at, when we consider that royal marriages have usually been based, not upon mutual affection, but upon “reasons of state.” Victoria and Prince Albert married because they loved each other, and they are happy in each other and in the offsprings with which Providence has blessed them, and in which they find their principal enjoyment.

The Example of the Queen is a beautiful and forcible recommendation of the superior character of domestic enjoyment to any other of a temporal nature. With the whole range of worldly pleasure before her, she enters the little circle of home, and finds her happiness there. Her children and her husband are worth more to her than crown and kingdom and regal pomp.

Let the young wives and mothers in humble life consider this, and remember that all the trappings of royalty and all the wealth of a kingdom are shallow sources of joy compared with a virtuous and loving home, however homely and humble; and that this resource is theirs if they choose to improve it.

TALES.

NELLY, THE RAG-GATHERER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

[Concluded.]

In simple language, and with artless grace, Violet related her little history.

It was not an eventful one, nor had she tales of harshness to reveal, no complaints of suffering, her path had been a lowly one but without thorns. The goodness of poor old Nelly was her theme, and when told that she was no more to see her and forbidden henceforth even to speak of her, the tears so lately repressed, again burst forth, until even those of her listener mingled with them. Suddenly her eyes rested upon the miniature of Eugene. She started, blushed, and faltered forth:

“’Tis himself! Oh, madam, ’tis the same who tore me from the arms of that bad man!”

It was now Mrs. Ballantyne’s turn to be surprised.

“Are you sure? Why, this is the miniature of my son, of Eugene?”

“Yes, madam, I am sure. Oh, I never can forget that face, never!”

Mrs. Ballantyne certainly evinced more feeling than there was any necessity for, and at length said:

“Well, Violet, it may be so; but you must never speak of it again. Should you meet my son, on no account betray your identity with the Rag-gatherer’s child! True, she is an excellent old person, but it is fitting now you should forget her; your station in life for the future must preclude all allusion to the past; you are now Miss Darling, my ward, my niece, or any other title I may claim for you.”

The next news in the fashionable world was, that the eccentric widow had adopted a beautiful young girl, lovely as Juliet, artless as Ophelia, but ere more than one tantalizing glance had been obtained of her fair young face, she was as suddenly removed to a distance from the city, and placed at

school for the next three years, during which Mrs. Ballantyne partially withdrew from her gay career, and devoted herself more to literary pursuits, awaiting with great anxiety the return of her son from Europe. At length the fond mother was made happy; she once more pressed her darling child to her bosom. He returned to her in perfect health, and the *beau-ideal* of manly beauty. She was not now for the first time to know that his heart and disposition were right. Violet also returned and met the same kind welcome.

For the first time, Eugene and the fair ward of his mother met. No sooner did the eye of the former rest upon the elegant girl presented to him, than a glow of surprise and pleasure mantled his face. That sweet countenance was strangely familiar to him—where had he seen it? Could it be? No, it was impossible—and yet, how strangely like the poor girl he once protected from insult; and Eugene stood for a moment in perfect perplexity. Nor was Violet much less embarrassed, although better prepared for the interview. When they were left alone, Eugene said:

“Pardon my presumption, Miss Darling, but I cannot divest myself of the idea that we have somewhere met before. Your countenance is so like one which I never can forget that I saw several years since in a remote part of the city; it seems to me there cannot be *two* such faces!”

Violet blushed deeply; it was such a pleasure to know he had not forgotten poor Nelly’s child, and she would immediately have confessed herself the same, when suddenly the stern injunction of Mrs. Ballantyne never to betray herself to her son recurred to her, and she checked the words already upon her lips. An awkward silence ensued, for she had not acquired the tact of coolly shuffling off a *mal-apropos* subject, and as coolly taking up another. Poor Violet was a novice in Belle-dom.

But had she forgotten the benevolent Rag-gatherer? She had ventured to ask Mrs. Ballantyne if she had seen her, but was repulsed with no satisfactory reply; and many times she had stolen away from home and walked around the city, hoping she might meet her early friend. In her researches she had discovered the old dwelling in the “Collect,” but as usual the gate was fast, and although she waited as long as she dared, no one came out or entered. At length one day as she was passing down Beekman-street with Eugene, they saw an old decrepit woman busily gathering up rags just thrown from one of the houses. Violet bounding from the side of Eugene, rushed forward:

“Look up, mother, look up, it is me, *me*, Violet.”

But the old woman without raising her eyes, mumbled:

“Go away, go away, I tell you, would you destroy yourself?”

“I have looked for you so long, so long, mother—must I never see you?”

At this moment Eugene approached, and noticed with surprise the distress of Violet.

“Do you know this good woman?” he asked.

“Oh yes, yes, she is my—she is—”

Nelly suddenly raised her head and fixed her keen eye upon the agitated girl. Eugene caught the glance, a glance so full of meaning.

“Woman, who are you? What are you?” he exclaimed.

Nelly made no reply, but lifting her bag hobbled off down the street. In silence the young couple proceeded homeward. Eugene saw there was some

mystery, but had too much delicacy to press a disclosure, and in fact he was himself so much agitated at the appearance of the old woman, as gave his thoughts sufficient occupation.

Thrown almost constantly together as was Eugene and Violet, no other result than a mutual affection could be expected, prepared too as their hearts were by former occurrences for love. Violet however was unconscious of the deep interest Eugene had secured himself in her affections, until one day being alone with Mrs. Ballantyne, that lady gradually introduced the subject of her son’s marriage.

“It had become now,” she said “her greatest desire to see him married; married too, to one of birth, fortune and education. Not mere amiability or beauty, or both combined, would please her; she never would consent, notwithstanding he was so dear, to uniting himself with any one whose standing was beneath his own.”

As she listened, the veil which had hitherto screened her feelings even from herself was removed the color forsook her cheeks, her lips quivered, her frame trembled, and unable to reply to the solicitous inquiries of Mrs. Ballantyne at her sudden paleness, she hastily retired to commune with her heart upon this new and painful disclosure. Happily, as she supposed, her secret was unknown, it should remain locked in the innermost chamber of her heart, for never would she be instrumental in inflicting one pang to her kind benefactress, and Eugene—and here a crimson blush suffused her cheeks—no, *he* never should suspect that her affections were his *unsought*!

For several days she avoided Eugene, but her very effort to appear at ease when in his presence, only made her conduct seem the more strange.

One evening at an hour earlier than usual she retired to her chamber, and burying her face in the rich cushions of the *lounge*, for some time remained in deep and painful thought. *Eugene loved her!* yes, *his own lips* had declared it! But feigning an indifference she did not feel for the *mother’s* sake, she had nobly refused that love, and sacrificed her earthly happiness at the shrine of gratitude! Occupied with her own sad thoughts, she scarcely noticed the opening of the door, until a hand was placed lightly upon her shoulder. Violet raised her head, and before her stood Nelly the Rag-gatherer!

To spring from her seat and throw her snowy arms around the neck of the old woman was the work of an instant.

“I told you, you might see me again, and I am here,” said Nelly, “Now tell me, child, what ails you, for you have been weeping.”

“Oh, nothing, nothing, dear mother,” answered Violet.

“You never told me an untruth when you were a child, Violet, don’t begin now. Something ails you, speak quick and freely, tell me all, for I must be gone, for the first and only time I am allowed to speak with you.”

In a low and broken voice, Violet related all her distress and its cause. When she had finished, how great was her astonishment, when instead of the sympathy she had expected, a low laugh from the old woman met her ear.

“Right, right, it is as I thought. Ha! ha! ha! the young man loves you then! For all madam’s fine riches her son would consort with a beggar; good, good! Marry him, yes, marry him, who knows but I may yet sip my tea from as dainty a thing as *this*, ay, and my wine too!”

Amazement for some moments kept Violet silent.

"Is it possible you can be serious?" she at length said. "Would you have me repay all the kindness I have received with such ingratitude?"

"Ay, would I, if you call it *ingratitude*! But *who* took care of you when you were almost a baby? *Who* saved you from dying in the street? *Who* placed you here, I should like to know?"

"Oh, I know you are very, very kind—never can I be grateful enough! But I cannot destroy the expectations and blast the hopes of Mrs. Ballantyne by accepting the hand of her son, even though he offer it!"

"And you prefer that *I—I* who have toiled and worked for you early and late—*I*, so old and so helpless—*I* who have looked forward to this day as my reward; you prefer *me* to remain in wretched poverty rather than to disappoint this fine proud madam by doing an act which would give *me* comfort and a home!"

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" cried Violet, wringing her hands. "I cannot act as you wish, and your displeasure is dreadful to me!"

"Foolish, stubborn girl," exclaimed Nelly angrily, "take then the only alternative. I have a right to command you, and *I will*! Leave this house, leave all your splendor, your fine carpets, your beds of down, and dainty *knick-knacks*; leave all, I say and share with me the bitter dregs of life. I am old, and your white hands must become as sallow and shriveled as *mine* in *my service*! You must off with your satins and muslins, and *don my rags*! *Ha! ha, ha, and a dainty beggar she'll make!*" added the old woman to herself.

No marble could be whiter than the face of Violet as she listened. For some moments she remained immovable; her stony gaze fastened upon the old woman. Fetching a heavy sigh she at length said:

"Yes, I will go with you; I will work for you; I will contentedly resign all this splendor which should not be mine, when you my kind and earliest friend are in misery and want. Oh, why did you send me from you? But take me with you, I am ready."

"No, not to-night. To-morrow at nine o'clock be at the gate, you will find it unbolted, in the course of the day I will be there," answered Nelly. She then turned to depart, her hand was already upon the knob of the door, when again she stopped:

"It is not too late yet to retain all these fine things. Think before you again decide, will you accept the offer of your lover?"

"Never!" replied Violet, firmly.

"Then you do not love him, or you would not give him up so easily. I don't believe in all your fine talk about *gratitude*!"

"Not love him!" exclaimed the poor girl, "not love him! Oh, heavens, may the sacrifice I am making atone for my presumption."

"Well, at nine o'clock then, since you will have it so!" added Nelly.

"At nine o'clock," replied Violet.

Violet was not alone in her trouble, for Eugene too had sought his mother and disclosed his love.

"And does Violet know your attachment?" asked Mrs. Ballantyne, hastily.

"She does, my dear mother, but her conduct is inexplicable, for while at one moment I think she returns my affection, the next she avoids me—nay, she has even refused my love, although my heart tells me I am not indifferent to her. Why is it so, mother?"

"Why, because Violet is a rational girl. She has sense enough to understand how very unsuitable any such a thing would be; *it is a pity though!*" answered Mrs. Ballantyne with more indifference than kindness.

"Why *unsuitable*? Is she not all that is good and lovely? Oh, mother I never can be happy unless she is my wife!"

"Oh, nonsense, Eugene; this is a mere boyish fancy," replied Mrs. Ballantyne, "or, if *not* a mere fancy, it must be crushed at once, for *you* can never marry Violet Darling!"

"Mother!"

"The daughter of a miserable rag-picker, a street foundling—a——"

"Ha!" interrupted Eugene, "*it is the same—the same*. I was not mistaken. I knew it!"

"Yes, she is the heroine of your boyish exploit, as she seems to be also of your present folly," answered his mother, carelessly twisting a ringlet.

"Mother, mother, don't speak so coldly; you should not have placed us together, for how could I refrain from loving!"

"Have you no pride," answered his mother, "or if *you* can so far forget yourself, I cannot!"

"Mother, I care not who she is, I care not for what has been, it is sufficient for me to know her *as she is*, all that is most excellent both in mind and disposition—all that is lovely in person! Dearest mother, if she consents, refuse not my happiness!"

"Leave me, Eugene; your folly distresses me. To-morrow we will talk again upon this subject."

The morrow arrived; pale and agitated Eugene entered the breakfast parlor; Mrs. Ballantyne was somewhat paler than usual but, Violet did not appear. Half an hour passed and still she came not.

"Poor thing, she may be sick. I think she was lookingly wretchedly yesterday," said Mrs. Ballantyne, "I will go to her room."

So saying she hastily ran up stairs, but in a few moments returned in great agitation, exclaiming:

"Eugene, she has gone! Violet has left us. Read that. Oh, indeed I did not think it would come to this!"

As she spoke, she placed in the trembling hands of her son a note which addressed to herself she had found on the dressing-table. It simply contained a few incoherent sentences, thanking Mrs. Ballantyne for her kindness, with prayers for her happiness. "Make no inquiries for me," it concluded, "but think of me as of *one dead!*"

Seizing his hat, Eugene rushed to the door.

"Stop, stop my son; where would you go?"

"To the ends of the earth to find her; don't, don't detain me!"

"I know of but one place," continued Mrs. Ballantyne, "where she can have gone, and thither I will accompany you. Yes, it is not impossible she may have sought out the old Rag-gatherer again, for whom she seems to retain as great a *penchant* as ever. How strange! If not there, I am sure I know not where to look for her."

The carriage was immediately ordered to the door and the mother and son set forth on their anxious search.

At the appointed hour, poor Violet reached the gloomy abode of old Nelly. She entered once more that desolate apartment, and with the first glance into that darkened room, all the scenes of her early life rushed upon her mind with strange tenacity. Every thing was so like, even to the little three-legged stool on which she had eaten her bits of bread,

and there in the self-same spot was the torn primer from which she had first learned to read. There hung the same wooden dipper, and there placed against the dingy wall was the cracked and jagged platter used when Nelly could afford the luxury of meat. The old straw-bottomed chair in which the Rag-gatherer reposed her jaded limbs occupied the same corner; and above where she herself had pinned them, hung her sampler and a flower wrought in worsteds. Was the last few years then only some delightful dream, and had she now awoke to the bitter realization of her unhappy destiny? And poor Violet sat down and tried to calm her emotion ere the old woman should arrive.

An hour or more had passed, when she was aroused from her reverie by the sudden stopping of a carriage at the gate, and the next moment Eugene was at her side, and the arms of Mrs. Ballantyne thrown around her.

"My dearest Violet," she began; "I cannot lose you, never did I know before how inexpressibly dear you are to me. Eugene, my son, I no longer oppose your wishes; don't speak to me now, don't thank me yet, wait until we get home—I feel choked here. We must not leave, however, without seeing poor old Nelly; I must try to make her more comfortably. What a close room! Horrible! I will just walk in the scarcely less horrible door-yard until the old woman returns. Heavens, what a miserable spot!"

The conversation of lovers not being very interesting usually to a third party, let us not listen.

It was only a few moments, at least so it seemed to Eugene and Violet, when the door opened and old Nelly appeared.

"Ha! who have we here," she cried, dropping her bag upon the floor, "what fine master is this?"

Eugene sprang to his feet.

"Who speaks?" he exclaimed.

"Ay, a carriage at the door, too," continued the old woman, not heeding the interruption: "Ah great honors these for a poor Rag-gatherer!"

"Who are you woman?" cried Eugene, seizing her arm, "Speak, who are you?"

The old woman raised her head—their eyes met. "Good Heavens, my mother!"

A young and romantic girl I married your father. He was very handsome—I fancied I loved him. He was rich and of a high family. I was ambitious; and thus, crowning *both* my love and my ambition, at the age of seventeen I became mistress of one of the finest establishments in the city. Time flew on rapturous wings for a season, and then, too late, I found I had sacrificed my happiness to a man who had neither sensibility to appreciate my love, nor even kindness to repay the sacrifice. I was not a happy wife. He was gay and dissipated. I reproached; this tended to alienate even the slight regard he might have felt for me, and it ended in a total rupture. Under our own roof we became as strangers!

You were born, my dear son, and the dormant affections of my young heart sprang into action. I felt I had not lived before! I pressed you again and again to my bosom. I bathed your little face with tears of joy. This dear boy, my *child*, my sweet Eugene, was to be henceforth the world to me. I felt myself no longer a neglected wife. I no longer regretted the love of my husband. I devoted myself entirely to you, and weeks would pass without beholding your father; for strange as it may seem, he appeared equally indifferent to the feelings of a

parent as he had *proved* to those of a husband. You were about six years old when he died a sudden and a dreadful death, leaving his affairs in a state of much embarrassment. Still I doubted not his fortune would prove very considerable; but alas, when all was settled, a mere pittance only was my residue! This news was like a thunderbolt to me. I have said I was ambitious, but not until that fatal moment did I know how much so. What could I do to avoid descending the ladder upon whose topmost round my footing had hitherto been? And you, my fine, my noble boy, were you henceforth to grovel through life a poor widow's son—toiling for your education, or your hard earnings yielded up to support a helpless mother? No, my pride, and, let me add, my affection, would not permit it! I could not use my needle for a maintenance—neither would I become a teacher, for the instant I *condescend* to either, my standing in society would be lost, and from this my proud heart rebelled.

At length a bold and hazardous plan suggested itself. I remembered to have read and heard of many instances where people had become rich—nay, even excessively wealthy, by gleaning the *rags* and *rubbish* cast into the streets by careless housekeepers and servants. The more I thought of this, the more I was impressed with the certainty of success should I adopt this same odious means of subsistence. For a time I acknowledge I strove to waive an idea so inconsistent with my manner of life; but it haunted me night and day; it became as it were a *monomania*—and at length I determined upon the undertaking. Methought my greatest trial would be in parting from my boy, for it was necessary to place you in some safe hands, as, of course, I must now yield up that undivided care which had been both my solace and delight. I placed you, therefore, at a small select school a few miles from the city, where at any time one hour would carry me to you. This done I set about my arrangements. I engaged rooms in a highly fashionable boarding house, to keep up the *appearance* of wealth, and as my widow's weeds of course precluded my mixing in society, my time was consequently my own. With the half nearly of my little fortune I then purchased this miserable, isolated dwelling.

I found I could disguise my person without danger of detection; not even my nearest friend would have been able to recognize me. A dark paint imparted a sallowness to my complexion, and by using a little art in putting it on, I made myself look a woman of seventy! From the hair-dresser I procured a gray wig, a few hairs of which I allowed to escape from under my old torn bonnet; indeed, so shocked was I at my appearance the first time I saw myself in the glass, that I nearly fainted, and was even then upon the point of throwing off my wretched rags, and renouncing forever a life so disgusting.

I commenced my hazardous career. In this city there are many houses of elegant and genteel appearance, where one can go with perfect freedom and do what, and as they please—where for a bribe no questions are ever asked, nor need you fear betrayal. I hired a small room in one of these kept by an old Jew. It was my custom to leave my boarding house as if for a walk, and repair to this dwelling; neither had I any scruples at being seen by any chance acquaintance entering a house of so respectable an appearance. I was always admitted by the old Jew; here I put on my rags,

and was let out again through a dark alley opening into the adjoining street. Suffice it to say that at my first initiation I was so successful as to confirm me more strongly in my purpose. Articles of value frequently rewarded my gleanings of the sewers and drains—sometimes jewels, trifling amounts of money, laces, ribbons, besides the common filthy rags, of no value excepting to the paper-maker. After a fire especially my profits were not unfrequently over fifty dollars; my wretched appearance too, awoke the charity of the passer-by, so that a week sometimes would bring me several dollars. I would not have *begged*, but what shall I say, I *refused not* that which was thrust upon me. I each day brought my pack of unseemly gains to this my castle. Here I would separate and arrange them according to their value prior to disposing of them to those who always stand ready to receive such merchandize.

Strange as it may appear, in a few years I found myself rapidly growing rich, and in my *own* name was able to invest the earnings of "*Poor Nelly*" in Bank Stocks, &c. But I never felt secure. I had the mortification to find that my frequent absence so unaccountable and so periodical, had awakened much suspicion, and I therefore determined to renounce my seclusion of widowhood, and come forth again into the gay world, and resume the station in society I had never lost, but from which I had only withdrawn for a season; and I now felt my fortune was sufficient to *keep me there*! I hired a splendid mansion—furnished it in the most elegant style—threw off my weeds, and emerged from my chrysalis the gay and dashing Mrs. Ballantyne—then still young, and as my glass told me, still handsome! I thought now to avoid comment; but where will not the peering eye of curiosity reach, or the tongue of slander defile! I found my mysterious conduct still the theme of animadversion; so I determined to make *mystery* my *forte*. I surrounded myself with *mystery*; I walked as it were in a *mist*, and *now was only called eccentric*! No one neglected my balls, my suppers, my fetes—I became more *distingue* than ever.

In the meanwhile I steadily pursued my vocation of *Rag-gatherer*, and you can probably hardly credit me, when I say that I became even attached to this manner of life. It seemed to me I had two existences, and those the very *antipodes* of society, and I delighted in doing justice to *both*! As *Mrs. Ballantyne* I surrounded myself with every luxury and elegance; as *poor Nelly*, I fared worse than the street beggar. Without grimace I drank the dingy water from the rough wooden dipper; in this I soaked the crust of stale bread to appease my hunger, and stretched my limbs upon the hard straw pallet. I need not have done this; I might have fared like a princess in my rags; but I gloried in identifying myself with *poor Nelly*. And in the evening my lips pressed the exquisite China, or the richly chased goblet; delicate comfits were prepared for my fastidious taste, and I reposed myself upon cushions of satin and down! I became again *Mrs. Ballantyne*. But you, my son, were still my idol; I saw you coming forward in life all the fondest mother could wish, and I hugged the more the pitiful calling which enabled me to place you *where your father had stood*?

Now a sudden fear seized me; I found the passion of avarice fast gaining upon me; the very nature of my employment was conducive to its growth. I shuddered to find myself actually gloat-

ing over any unexpected treasure, which fell to my hands, with the same delight I should have felt were I in reality the poor wretch I personated. To break from its thralldom required a vigorous effort. I succeeded. As an atonement for the duplicity (for so I must call it) practised so long upon the public, I now gave away large sums to charitable institutions, and sought out the poor and miserable to relieve their wants, and in so doing, I felt happier than I had ever done before. It was at this time, my dear Violet, that the hand of Providence guided me to you, as if to confirm my good resolutions. When I closed the eyes of your unhappy parent, I solemnly vowed within myself, and in the sight of God, to take you to my heart as my own child, and that you should share equally with my son the fortune which my conscience told me I had surreptitiously obtained. I soon loved you, yet you were a constant source of anxiety to me. I formed the romantic resolution of educating you entirely from the world; to keep your mind pure as infancy; and then, when I had led your steps along the perfect path my fancy had opened for you, when my work should be accomplished, the world should see my prodigy—a perfect model of beauty, intelligence and virtue!

You were ever a gentle, obedient child, and without a murmur suffered yourself to be left alone all through the dreary night, and sometimes entire days. As your mind expanded, how I delighted in my airy scheme! It was a pleasure for me to instruct you, and for a time I relinquished entirely my street rambles, that I might pursue your education. It was a wild chimera, of an imagination as wild, to suppose you were always to be as contented in this dreary solitary dwelling until I chose to lift the latch of freedom; it certainly proved so, for at the age of fourteen the old garden could no longer content you. Your own act destroyed the illusion, and it was for the best. As *Mrs. Ballantyne* I now received you to my arms; but I trembled for my *incognita*. I found you gazing upon me at times with look so full of wonder; at the sound of my voice you would sometimes start, change color, and appear so perplexed, that I found if I wished to preserve my secret I must give my charge into other hands.

How happy I felt, my dear Violet, when I found you retained all your affection and interest for the wretched companion of your childhood—the poor *rag-woman*; that your elevated sphere had not made you forgetful of your humble home; and although you disobeyed my injunctions by continually asking in your letters about poor Nelly, it was an offence too dear to my heart not to be over-looked.

Need I say, my children, how truly I rejoiced when you, the two dearest objects of my love, were brought together under my roof, to discover the mutual affection kindled in your hearts! But I wished to probe the sincerity of your love, Eugene, for I would not wreck the happiness of this dear girl as my own had been; and I wished also to discover if you, Violet, had sufficient strength of mind—firmness of principle—to renounce your *own* happiness, that you might not distress her whom you knew but as *Mrs. Ballantyne*, and at the same time attest your gratitude to your early friend, poor Nelly.

The result has proved my expectations, and fulfilled my dearest wishes. Take her, Eugene; she is indeed a treasure. The good I have endeavored to do, will, I trust, in some measure atone for the

double part I have enacted so many years. My future life shall be devoted to deeds of charity.

I have sold this wretched dwelling. To-morrow the old walls will tumble down, and with them forever disappears "*Nelly the Rag-gatherer!*"

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE ECHO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

BELIEVE it not, good-hearted children, believe not the fable of the poets, that the modest Echo has been a seducing coquet of the vain Marciuss, or a babbling traitress to her goddess; for she has never shown herself to a mortal, nor did a sound ever come from her mouth first; but listen, while I relate the true story of the Echo.

Harmonia, the daughter of Love, was an active assistant of Jupiter, in his creation. Motherlike she gave from her heart to everything coming into existence a tone, a sound, that should penetrate its inner being, hold together its whole existence, and unite it in a sisterly union with all other beings. At length she exhausted herself, the good mother; and since by her birth she was only half immortal, she must now be separated from her children by death. How deeply was she affected by it! Praying she fell prostrate before the throne of Jupiter and said; "Powerful God, let my form disappear from among the gods; but my heart, my feeling extinguish not, and separate me not from those, to whom out of my heart I have given existence. At the least, invisible let me hover around them, that each sound of sorrow and of joy, with which I have endowed them in happiness or unhappiness, I may feel with them, share with them."

"And what would it avail thee," said the God, "if unseen, thou couldst share with them their misery, and not be able to stand by them, nor in any way become visible to them? since the irrevocable sentence of destiny denies this last to thee."

"Only let me be allowed to answer them, and invisible, be able to repeat the sound of their hearts, and my mother-heart will be comforted."

Jupiter touched her gently, and she vanished; she became the shapeless all-pervading Echo. Wherever a voice of her child sounds, the heart of the mother sounds after it; She speaks out of every creature, out of every brotherly being the sound of sorrow and of joy, with the consonance of a harmonious string. The hard rock is also pervaded by thee, and by thee too, the lonely forest is animated; and oh! how oft hast thou tender mother, thou, coy inhabitant of solitude and the silent grove, comforted me more there than in the desolate circle of the toneless hearts of men. With gentle compassion you give me back my sighs; and however forsaken or misunderstood I may be, yet I feel from each of thy broken tones, that an all-pervading all-uniting mother, knows me, hears me. Srow.

Clarksville, N. Y. 1846.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the Evening Transcript Boston.

WESTERN VALLEY OF THE TACONIC.

"Meadow Bank," April 20, 1846.

LITTLE more than a century since, this beautifully romantic, extensive and yet secluded valley of

eastern New-York—much less known than the equally picturesque vale, of the Housatonic on the other side of this mountain range of country, was inhabited by a race of Indians, which has long since disappeared from among its interesting scenery—becoming extinct—perhaps, or, in the course of time, being incorporated into some larger tribe, are now roaming among and around the great chain of lakes, which pour their tributary waters in floods of foam and spray down the tremendous cataract of Niagara. Whether this be so or not, is equally unimportant in the relation of the incident which follows, and which may add another interesting feature to its character as connecting it with the buried past.

The farther extremity of this said valley, forty or fifty miles distant from this spot, embraces curiosities of an equally interesting formation as those at its northern boundary here;—at Dover Plains, called "*the Wells or Pools*," and "*Stone Church*," not much known I believe in your eastern city, to the travelling public, but which I cannot well help commending to their attention, as worthy of a visit, more especially since Mr. Pomeroy has commenced business on a large scale, by building a furnace on the stream, half a mile or more below the "dashing water-falls, of Bash Pishe," which may have a tendency to lessen the romantic interest hitherto felt for this picturesque locality.

Many, very many years ago amongst these wild scenes of streams—high-land and low-land and the forest's sanctuary, there lived and died a decrepid old hunter and woodsman, whose whole life had been one constant struggle with peril and danger, and whose childhood, dated itself far back into the past of the eighteenth century. He had fought, toiled and bled, as few have done, not only for opinion's sake, but for his country, also. Of his birth he knew little—of his parentage still less. In the early settlement of a neighboring county of New England, he had taken up his abode in this then primeval forest of woodland, not only on his own personal account and that of his wife also, but from the promptings of an intense desire of having a place he could call his own, added to the wish of escaping a quiet kind of persecution he could illly bear, having reference to his religious forms and practices, then deemed heretical, and not precisely coinciding with those of his early associates. He had as he stated further, been pleased with this section, especially when in his capacity of chain-bearer to the surveyors of the period, he had inspected its feasibility, not only for his own humble dwelling, but for some who had promised to follow him to a then new world. Here he fixed himself under the protection of a wooded hill, a little north of the entrance to the falls. With his faithful dog and a gun, a bag of meal, a few household utensils, and with his dear companion and wife, who would not be left behind, he took possession of his rural habitation, in the spring of 1737. A memorable day it was to them! But, in the full and confident belief of an over-ruling Providence, that suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his knowledge, they commenced the hazardous experiment of housekeeping in the wilderness, into which he had almost literally hewn his way, axe in hand, some ten or fifteen miles distant from any other habitation.

For the present he was compelled to rely upon his dog and gun for game, then in great abundance there, and of which he kept a daily supply on hand

owing principally to his truly marvellous skill in shooting at a distance, which modern huntsmen may vainly attempt to emulate. On one occasion, especially, he brought down a fine Buck, at over some two hundred yards, with his long old Spanish Piece.

The Indians on their way to the Awastanook or the great River of the north, as the Hudson is named in the Indian language, not unfrequently called upon him, and he became intimately acquainted with many of the Stockbridge tribe, then only some twenty miles north-east of his little cabin. In one or two of these Indian families he became very much interested, from a similarity of temperament and character, and in one young warrior and huntsman especially, whom he often met in his forays for venison and other wild game. They became sworn friends, and it is of and about this young Indian chieftan that the incident above alluded to, has reference; his fate, in fact, being involved in the catastrophe of which I am to give an account. This singularly eccentric man, of near a century in age, related it to my informant with great simplicity of feeling and touching pathos and, as his honesty and truth had never been questioned, by friend or foe, particularly those who had been long acquainted with him down to a late period—even after the revolutionary war, in which he had acted a part—there can be little, if any doubt, of its authenticity.

They had been out upon the mountains after the deer, and following the roe, and in the ardor of the chase, and its consequent excitement, lost sight of each other. It began to be near night-fall, and the sun was setting in splendor beyond the distant Catskill mountains, (easily seen from the eminence upon which he was standing, watching this glorious spectacle,) when he was suddenly startled from his reverie by the report of a rifle, and the bounding steps of a deer springing onward towards the awful rent in the mountains, and passing him swiftly, with the Indian in full pursuit, ready for another more fatal shot. He hurried to overtake them, but the thick underbrush obstructing his passage, he lost his way, and the sight of the two objects most interesting to him. Hastening on, however, he soon arrived at the point where the shelving precipice makes a sheer descent to the tumbling waters beneath. Carefully sliding down the declivity on hands and feet, as best he could, he found his friend and companion weltering in his own and the animal's blood, and just breathing his last. Having but a moment of time to live, he briefly stated that he had made a false step, in following the deer, and endeavoring to obtain another shot; in reaching after, to prevent his own fall, he had lost his balance, and with the poor stricken deer was precipitated over the frightful precipice. That which added to the intensity of the feeling displayed by the old man's interest in his companion, and the narration of his fatal death, was the knowledge of an engagement subsisting between them for his marriage to a young and lovely Indian girl, then on her way to meet him, for the consummation of their plighted troth.

When he had finished the relation, with one sob of anguish the old man left the apartment, and soon after died. The grass waves over the Indian's grave now in a strange land, and the ruins of the old-man's cabin may still be seen, covered with the green and verdant turf of the valley.

Yours,

M. C.

MISCELLANY.

A GOOD HIT FOR A YOUTH.

An old chap in Connecticut, who was one of the most niggardly men known in that part of the country, carried on the blacksmithing business very extensively; and as is generally the case in that State, boarded all of his own hands. And to show he envied the men what they eat, he would have a bowl of bean soup dished up for himself to cool, while that for the hands was served up in a large pan just from the boiling pot. This old fellow had an apprentice who was rather unlucky among the hot irons, frequently burning his fingers. The old man scolded him severely one day, for being so careless.

"How can I tell," said the boy, "if they are hot, unless they are red?"

"Never touch anything again till you spit on it; if it don't hiss it won't burn."

In a day or two the old man sent the boy in to see if his soup was cool. The boy went in—spit in the bowl; of course the soup did not hiss. He went back and told the boss all was right.

"Dinner!" cried he.

All hands run; down sat the old man at the head of the table; and in went a large spoonful of the boiling hot soup to his mouth.

"Good heavens!" cried the old man, in the greatest rage. "What did you tell me that lie for? you young rascal!"

"I did not lie," said the boy, very innocently. "You told me I should spit on every thing to try if it was hot; I spit in your bowl, and the soup did not hiss, so I supposed it was cool."

Judge of the effect upon the jours. That boy never was in want of friends among the journeymen.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

THE New-Orleans Picayune, relates the following story, as an illustration of the many beneficial changes which the Temperance Reformation has effected in that city:

Before the introduction or propagation of Temperance in this city there lived here a shoemaker, and here he lives still; but, lo! what a change has come over his mode of life, his domestic comfort and prospective happiness. He then worked hard and drank hard, and lived in filth and wretchedness. He resided in a dirty, dingy shanty in an obscure street. It might be said to have been his,

Which served him for parlor, for kitchen, and hall."

Filth was its ruling feature, and musty, superannuated old shoes, its principle furniture. A bed, to lie on which seemed positive torture, occupied one corner; a rickety sheet-iron stove the other. His seat had a place before the door, on the centre of the floor, and a piece of board nailed to the wall as a shelf, on which were thrown in disorder a whiskey bottle, never full but often empty, a smoked teapot, with a broken spout, a tumbler broken near the brim, and a few other table utensils formed the furniture of his "house and home." He looked as intemperance ever looketh, bloated, sottish and bleary-eyed.—Through the week he went unwashed and unshaven, and if on Sunday he staggered out to the barber's, his tremulous step and debauched appearance seemed to impregnate the moral atmosphere with impurity.

His wife was the counterpart in appearance of himself, dragged and slattern looking; her clothes

were ragged; she wore her shoes slipshod, and her physical as well as her mental energies seemed to be partially paralyzed.

Such was the depth of degradation to which they had been sunk when, some six, or eight months since, they conjointly joined the temperance society and resolved forever to eschew the demon of alcohol and all that intoxicates. They have religiously adhered to their pledge, and behold the metamorphose which it has effected in their mode of life, their social and moral condition!

The reformed drunken shoemaker is no longer the tenant of the loathsome hovel which in the days of his intemperance he occupied. He now rents a neat, clean house, with the several necessary apartments, in a respectable neighborhood.—His shop is tastefully fitted up, with glass cases, in which are displayed his shoes and boots, and a goodly stock of unwrought leather is to be seen on his shelves; he dresses well, and looks happy and cheerful. On Sunday he is to be seen kneeling by the side of his wife at Church, who is equally clean tidy and contented as he is. And this—all this—has been brought about by the moral magic of temperance.

This is no fancy sketch; we have the parties at this moment in our mind's eye, and cannot but bless the cause and call it a good one which has effected on their destiny such a regenerating influence.

WOULD BE GREAT MAN.

WHEN Count Bertrand, now the fugitive second from a late Parisian duel, was in New-York, one of our ladies requested his permission to present to him a French Gentleman, who had formerly served with his father under Napoleon, but who, through fickle Fortune's vagaries, had been forced to teach school in that city. The count shrugged his shoulders in the most dignified style at the profession of his father's friend, and refusing to be introduced said—

"Madam! in la belle France ze gentilhomme nevre teach school. Excuse me if I no have ze honore to meet zis gentilhomme."

"Count," answered the lady, "perhaps in France your gentlemen do not teach school, yet the King of the French taught school in America."

The Count sloped, a slight tremor being visible in the extremities of his moustache.

TIT FOR TAT.

THE following novel story is really worth a place in our columns. We quote from the Montreal Times:—

About three weeks since the son of a habitant living at St. Augustin, River du Chene, having sold a pair of oxen in town, was returning home in the evening with his money, when, in a lonely part of the road, he was passed by a gentleman, as he supposed, in a fine sleigh, with a good horse, who immediately drew up and induced the boy to fasten his horse behind the sleigh, and to get in with him to enliven the tediousness of the road by conversation. Shortly afterwards the gentleman asked the boy if he had not sold a pair of oxen that day in town, to which the boy, becoming somewhat suspicious, answered "No," whereupon the gentleman said he had sold them about sunset, and had got the money and that if he did not give it to him he would blow his brains out, at the same time pulling out his pistol. The boy becoming alarmed, pulled

from his pocket a purse containing the money, which fortunately dropped on the road. The robber immediately jumped out of his sleigh, which was some yards in advance of the purse, and ran back for his longed for treasure, when the boy, with great presence of mind, took hold of the reins and drove off as fast as he could with both horses and sleighs. The robber then fired his pistol, the contents passed through the back of the sleigh and between the boy's legs. The boy reached home in safety, and after examining the sleigh, found in the box of it, which was locked, the sum of three thousand francs—£125 currency. No one, as might be expected, has applied for the sleigh and horse.

COMING IT OVER A BUCKEYE HUXTER.

AWAY down in the smart village of Cincinnati, there vegetates a certain Hotel-keeper, who, for cuteness, is some you may depend. Having been frequently imposed upon while supplying his bountiful larder with the article of geese, by the wide awake Buckeye Huxters, he deemed it time to try if cheating wasn't a game that two could play at. So, one morning bright and early, he presented himself before one of the numerous farmer's wagons surrounding the market squares, with a—"I s-s-say f-fr-friend—g-g-got any g-g-geese?" (The poor fellow has Charles Lamb's defect of speech.)

"Yes fine lot."

"W-w-w-well, I've g-g-got up to my h-h-house the all f-fire-firedst set of b-b-boys for g-g-geese, you ever d-d-did see, and I want to h-h-head 'em off a few, with some t-t-tough ones—c-c-cant you p-p-pick me out a few old t-t-tough h-h-he fellers?"

"Well I don't know but I might find one or two," and so turning over his pile of poultry, he collects on one side of the wagon some eight or ten geese, whose claim to the title of "old he fellers" needed no corroborative proof of Nootka Sound Convention, or treaty of Florida, but might be pronounced clear and unquestionable.

Mine host eyed the process of segregation with evident satisfaction.

"Are t-t-those all the tough ones y-you g-g-got?"

"Yes, Sir, and I rove I didn't know I had so many."

"Well," was the reply, "I g-g-guess I'll t-take the other l-lot."—*Spirit of the Times.*

THE PRINTER.

THE Printer is the most curious being living. He may have a bank and quions and not be worth a cent—have small caps and have neither wife nor children. Others run fast, but he gets along swifter by setting fast. He may be making impressions, without eloquence—may use the lye, without offending, and by telling the truth; while others cannot stand when they set, he can set standing, and even do both at the same time; have to use furniture, and yet have no dwelling—may make and put away pi, and never see a pie, much less eat it, during life—be a human being and a rat at the same time; may press a great deal and not ask a favor, may handle a shooting iron, and know nothing about a cannon, gun or pistol; he may move the lever that moves the world, and yet, be as far from moving the globe as a hog with his nose under a mole hill; spreads sheets without being a house wife—he may lay his form on a bed, and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use the dagger (+) without shedding blood, and from earth handle the stars (*,*)—he

may be a rolling disposition and never desire to travel—he may have a sheep's foot and not be deformed—never be without a case and know nothing about law or physic; be always correcting his errors, and growing worse every day—have embraces (—) without ever having the arms of a lass thrown about him—distribute the metallic all around him daily, and yet be uncharitable as the veriest miser; has his form locked up and be free from jail, watch-house, or any other confinement; his office has a hell in it, and not such a bad place after all—he may be plagued by the devil, and be a christian of the best kind. And what is stranger still, he be honest or dishonest, rich or poor, drunk or sober, industrious or lazy, he always stands up to his business. A Tyro.

A HARD RUB FOR TRUTH.

OLD parson M. of —, Worcester county, used sometimes to be absent on a missionary tour. Once on a time, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and wishing to wake them up, he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of what wonderful things he had seen in York State—among other wonders he said he had seen monstrous great mosquitoes, so large that a great many of them would weigh a pound! The people were by this time wide awake. Yes continued parson M. and moreover, they are often known to climb up on the trees and bark!

The next day one of the deacons called upon him, telling him that many of the brethren were much scandalized by the big stories he told the day before.

"What stories?" says parson M.

"Why, sir, you said that mosquitoes in New-York state were so large that many of them would weigh a pound!

"Well," rejoined the minister, "I do really think that a great many would weigh a pound."

"But," continued the deacon, "you also said, they would climb upon the trees and bark!"

"Well, sir," says parson M. "as to the climbing up on the trees, I have seen them do that, haven't you deacon?"

"O, yes!"

"Well, how could they climb up on the trees and not climb on the bark?"

The deacon was of course nonplussed.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Forty years ago, literature meant, learning, and was supported by common sense. Refined nonsense had no advocates, and was pretty generally kicked out of doors.

Forty years ago, there were but few merchants in the country, or insolvent debtors—and they rarely imprisoned for debt.

Forty years ago, young ladies of the first respectability learned music—but it was music of the spinning wheel, and learned the necessary steps of dancing in following it. Their forte piano was a loom, their parasol a broom, and their novels a Bible.

Forty years ago, the young gentlemen hoed corn, chopped wood at the door, and went to school in the winter to learn reading, writing and arithmetic.

Forty years ago, there were no such things as balls in the summer, and few in the winter except snow balls.

Forty years ago, if a mechanic proposed to do your work, you might depend on his word; it would be done.

Forty years ago, when a mechanic finished his work he was paid for it.

Forty years ago, printers were paid, and were therefore enabled to pay their debts.—What a falling off!

A GOOD REPLY.

A QUAKER on a certain occasion was asked in a lordly tone, by a magistrate of over-weening vanity, whose former business was that of a carpenter, why he did not take off his hat when he came into his presence.—The Friend replied: "It is a privilege Quakers are allowed." "If it were in my power," said the ridiculously self-important justice, swelling out with pseudo dignity and giving his cane a flourish, "I would have your hat nailed to your head." "I thought," said the shrewd follower of Penn, with most provoking nonchalance, "that thou hadst given up the trade of driving nails." The pompous justice was dumb-founded!

SAILOR AND HIGHWAYMAN.—One of the Dover stages on its way to London was stopped by a single highwayman, who being informed by the coachman that there was no inside passenger, and only one in the basket, and he a sailor, the robber instantly proceeded to exercise his functions upon the honest tar; when waking him out of his sleep, Jack demanded to know what he wanted; to which the robber replied, "Your money." "You sha'n't have it," says Jack. "No!" replied the robber; "then I'll blow your brains out." "Bless your eyes, blow away," said Jack, "I may as well be without brains as without money. Go on coachee."

UNSOPHISTICATED PHILOSOPHY.—The editor of the Memphis Appeal, had an interesting "confab" with a green one. Speaking of it, he says—"On being told the world turned round, he looked us in the face for a moment to see if we were quizzing—then putting his finger to his nose, said, 'I've had wood on the bank of the Mississippi for the matter of five years, and none ever failed in yet. If the yearth had a turned over, 'twould ha' been a gone wood afore ever I woke to save it.'"

HOW TO HARDEN IT.—A Blacksmith brought up his son, to whom he was very severe, to his trade. The urchin was a most audacious dog. One day the old gentleman was attempting to harden a cold chisel which he had made of foreign steel, but could not succeed. "Horsewhip it, father," exclaimed the young one, "if that won't harden it, I don't know what will."

"WHAT would our wives say if they knew where we were?" said the captain of a down east schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore. "Humph! I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

"Is that the tune the old cow died of?" said an Englishman, nettled at the industry with which a New Englander whistled Yankee Doodle. "No, beef," replied Jonathan, "that are's the tune the old bull died of."

"COME, come, come," said one who was wide awake, to one who was fast asleep, "get up, get up, don't you know it's the early bird that kills the worm?" "Serves the worm right," says the grumbling sleeper; "worms shouldn't get up before the birds do."

An old hard-shelled minister observed in a late sermon, that "no one ever got religion in a great bustle!" Think of this ladies.

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1846.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have a large number of contributions, both in prose and verse, some of which are very good and would long since have appeared in our columns, had it not been for the outlandish and barbarous manner in which they are written. Some of which would doubtless be worth more to the writer in a pecuniary point of view to exhibit as a specimen of "chirography in the nineteenth century," than as contributions to a literary paper. This scratching down the ideas of one's brain in an illegible scrawl, and sending it to the editor with the request that he will "read, punctuate and correct," to his own liking, is not a very desirable job. Time, with us is money, consequently the hours which we are compelled to devote to the task of deciphering the M. S. of any correspondent, is but drawing to much change from our pocket, and we have come to the conclusion that in future we shall pay no attention whatever to any communication unless written in a perfectly legible hand. Our friends will therefore see the necessity of either taking more pains with their chirography or in case they cannot write a legible hand themselves, to have some one who can, copy their articles after they are written.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THIS is the name of a neat little Magazine published at New-York, 126 Nassau-street, edited by Rev. W. M. Jimsey. It is printed on fine paper, and each number contains a fine engraving, together with a beautiful flower painted from nature. It exhibits a degree of taste, and intellectual ability. Those who want a valuable and withal a cheap periodical, cannot do better than to subscribe for this. The price is One Dollar, per annum.

THE LITERARY EMPORIUM.

THIS Magazine is a compendium of Religious, Literary and Philosophical Knowledge. It is of a similar tone and character with the one above. It is published in a handsome style and contains a fine engraving, with a beautiful painted flower. It will undoubtedly become a great favorite with those who wish to mingle sound moral instruction with the literary amusement of their families. Published by J. K. Wellman, New-York No. 118 Nassau St.—Terms One Dollar per annum.—Postage 2½ Cents.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

C. B. Clyde Mills, Mich. \$1.00; J. T. Morrisville, N. Y. \$3.00; J. M. F. Wallingford, Vt. \$1.00; Mrs. A. R. Middlefield, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Milwaukie, Mich. \$1.00.



BOUND
In Hymen's stolen bands.



In this city, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Walter Dyer, to Miss Corinthia C. Brown.

In the Athens Baptist meeting-house, on Sunday evening, the 3d inst. by the Rev. H. L. Grose, Mr. William H. Eldridge, to Miss Sarah M. Winne, both of Athens, Greene Co. N. Y.



LOOSED
From the fetters of Earth.



In this city, on the 23d ult. Maria Beebe, aged 44 years. On the 27th ult. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of J. W. and Charlotte Blake, in her 3d year.

In New-York, on Sunday, April 19th, Merick Amelia, wife of Wm. J. Coffin, and daughter of Gates Clark, Esq. of Chatham Columbia Co. aged 40 years, and 10 days.

At Canaan, on the 29th ult. David Parsons, aged 50 years.

Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I'm coming, I'm coming, and joy and mirth,
Are following in my train;
Prepare me a welcome at every hearth,
For I come to awaken the slumbering earth
To life, and to beauty again.

I'll order old Boreas to abandon his post,
Though long he has held command;
And I'll bid him retire with his icicle host,
To his caverns of frost on the northernmost coast,
A dreary and desolate land.

I'll seize on his treasures as rightful spoil,
His bulwarks of snow and frost;
I'll demolish the fruits of his six-months toil,
And make him acknowledge me lord of the soil
To his utter and countless cost.

I'm coming, and gaily around me floats,
A fragrant and balmy air;
And the forest resound with the musical notes,
Sent forth from a thousand rich warbling throats,
Which are making sweet melody there.

And I'll warm the cold, earth and rich beauties shall rise
To array it in gaudy attire;
From the proud haughty rose, the delight of all eyes,
To the pretty wild-flower of a thousand dyes,
Which no lady could fail to admire.

I'll breathe on the wild-wood dreary and deep,
And I'll clothe it in beautiful green;
And from out of its bed of a six-months sleep,
I'll cause the young violet to modestly peep,
As though half afraid to be seen.

And when I have opened each beautiful flower,
To the rays of a genial sun;
I'll retire once more to my favourite bower,
And leave unto summer, with sun-beam and shower,
To finish what I have begun. A. H. M.
Middlebury, Vt. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BRIDE'S APPEAL.

BY L. D. JOHNSON.

Oh! wilt thou love me, when the raven curls
That o'er my bosom flow,
Shall be bound with the silver threads of age
Like Winter's hoary snow?

Wilt love me when, the Summer's rosy smiles
Enhue my cheek no more;
And yon bright beauteous stars are veiled in clouds,
And dreams of youth are o'er?

Oh! wilt thou love me when, the changeful eyes
Grow dim with sorrow's rain—
The bosom beating softly 'gainst thy own,
So full with care and pain?

Wilt love me when, the thrilling thoughts of youth,
In blushing bloom depart;
And Sorrow's dark, corroding chills of pain,
Are pressing on my heart?

As rose-buds bloom when sunny Spring comes round
And warmly smiles again;
As shrubs, low fainting in the noon-tide heat,
Revive in summer rain;

As home-bound sailors, welcome breezes fair
To waft them to their goal;
My wearied, drooping Spirit turns to thee
Star of my trusting soul!

Remember, none have ever, ever known,
This heart so light and free;
None other with a faultless step, has prest
Its inmost shades, but thee!

Then wilt thou love me, when the raven curls,
That o'er my bosom flow,
Shall be bound with the silver threads of age,
Like Winter's hoary snow?

Fulton, N. Y. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

TO JUELLO.

I sing to the fair young maid,
Who won my soul with song,
As with voice of music, she bade
The chords of my heart to thrill long.
To the fair Juella;
To the rare Juella.

She breathed with a voice as low,
As the breeze that woos the flowers;
While sweetly her notes did flow,
As the larks from myrtle bowers.

On the eve of a Summer's day,
She sang me a simple rhyme,
When flowers with closed petals do pray,
And hushed is the voice of time.

When the dew is kissing the rose,
And the pea is clasping the vine,
When the pure modest lily doth close,
And sweet-williams with pinks entwine.

In the hour most free from sin,
When the stars seem wishing to shine,
In that hour her music did win,
This wandering heart of mine.
To the fair Juella,
To the rare Juella.

RUPERT.

New-York, May, 1846.

THE FIRST DAY OF MAY.

FROM the isles of the South where the wild bee reposes,
Midst green leaves and blossoms that never decay,
Spring is come, like a Queen, with her garland of roses,
To crown the glad earth on the first day of May.

The welcome of joy o'er the pine-circled mountains,
Down the glade where the sun-beam is veiled under show'rs,
Thro' the deep tangled forests by the pure silver fountains,
Is hymned to the Sovereign of Beauty and Flow'rs.

Chant aloud, feathered minstrels, sweet melody's numbers,
And Echo, prolong the wild festival lay,
Till the young buds awake from their long winter slumbers,
To hallow the feast of the first day of May.

An emblem is this of the world's fleeting vision,
Where fancy and feeling in childhood must cling
Round hopes of the future—pure, bright and elysian—
To make the whole life time one ever-green Spring.

Alas! it is said, that the sweet hours of childhood,
With all its gay dreams, will too soon fade away;
And hopes of the morning, like leaves of the wild-wood,
Must wither and fade o'er the next first of May.

Be it then the wise thought in life's spring-time and beauty,
To learn from the season the truths which it gave,
That rose-buds of hope, twined with tendrils of duty,
May shed their perfume o'er the heart and the grave.

For Autumn will bring forth its clouds and its sadness,
To shade with deep gloom this life's sickly ray,
Or crush, like a fiend, in a wild fit of madness,
Each promise that bloomed on the first day of May.

Yet beyond this sad world, in glory resplendent,
There is a blest Spring for the Angels above,
Where leaves never fade and flow'rets dependent,
And fragrant with virtue, and beauty, and love.

There, there, faithful souls on their pinions ascending,
Of Faith and of Triumph, hold on their bright way,
To find in the regions of life never ending,
The Emblem fulfilled of the first day of May.

From the Graham's Magazine.

THE PARTING.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

THE sun was shining merrily
O'er forest, hill and mere,
When forth to meet his king at York
Rode out the cavalier.

He girt his broad-sword at his side,
Donned corslet, plume and glove,
Then gayly left his lordly halls
And weeping lady-love!

He asked no counsel but his heart—
He fought for church and bride,

And for the banner of his king,
For which his fathers died!
Alas! in vain did loyal breasts
Their blood in torrents pour—
The lady weeps her absent lord,
Who lies on Marston Moor!

ILLUSTRATED BOTANY.

EDITED BY JOHN B. NEWMAN, M. D.

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